

# PORPOISE



Ronald H. Bayes









## **PORPOISE**

a poem in 4 sections and in 32 books

by

Ronald H. Bayes

Black snout of a porpoise  
    where Lycabs had been,  
Fish scales on the oarsmen.  
    And I worship.  
I have seen what I have seen.

—E. P.  
Canto II

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Portions of Porpoise I first appeared in HUMAN VOICE: A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS. Porpoise III appeared in its entirety in QUETZAL; Porpoise IV in its entirety in AZIMUTH. The second Porpoise appears here for the first time.

For Edith H. Peterson & Harry L. Taylor



**FIRST PORPOISE**  
six books for Jo Merrill

Porpoise: lit., swine fish. 1. any of a number of small related cetaceans, dark above and white below, with a triangle shaped fin on the back, a blunt snout, and many teeth. 2. a dolphin or any of several other small cetaceans.

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## 1st PORPOISE: FIRST BOOK

Doubting Thomas  
Timon, Timus  
Tie Muss  
Time us  
Silly Ulysses Grant.  
Grant us, slyly, Ulysses,  
This. Silly us.  
This kiss of memory.  
This kiss is memory.

\*\*\*\*\*

Where have you been, Darling?  
Where have You been darling?  
WHERE have you been darling?

\*\*\*\*\*

The rain  
& as the sun after rain the rain  
the rain after sun.

Too.  
The recurrence  
of December. Cold. Still.

\*\*\*\*\*

Yet phallus arises  
Dionysus arises  
Dionysus' phallus arises  
over the irises all colored  
the sonrise,  
the sky's backgrounding blue,  
& the orange ball over the horizon  
on, & under the horizon  
Pheobus is in.

The death of it!

\*\*\*\*\*

Reign, Memory.  
Darling Memory!

## 1st PORPOISE: SECOND BOOK

“What dire offence from amorous causes springs.”  
Importances lie  
around, but sharply in, betimes. Hence,  
that Jack told Daffydill at the Old Imperial Hotel  
in Tokyo that “Waffler thinks heaven’s an  
airport,”  
is of crucial importance, relatively:

(Daf.: Where is Waffler?  
Jack: At the airport.  
Daf.: Why?  
Jack: supra)

Waffler being Swaffar,  
who, over waffles, next day asked Schaumburg,  
“Where is Wherever from Akasakamitsuke?”  
Now THESE are importances.  
Beyond the statistics of logistics, just  
as they stand.

\*\*\*\*\*

That she died of childbirth  
or did not; that the child, dead, did, or neither  
did or both  
died abed,  
only a logistic.

\*\*\*\*\*

We go for core, not corpse, Darling  
we go for core, Darling,  
tho pared so often bare  
-ly

\*\*\*\*\*

O where we were  
O where we were  
moving like an arrow  
with a ribbon, a colored one;  
in the December air, too

## 1st PORPOISE: THIRD BOOK

Pensive student sitting before your desk,  
wondering just what there is to risk,  
taking the risk of your hide for granted,  
if wise, point your myopic eyes up.  
The cutting down to size time does is ours  
in time. Forget the reason and forget the rhyme.  
Time's now.

\*\*\*\*\*

“B. GRATZ BROWN! B. GRATZ BROWN!  
EVERYBODY LOVES B. GRATZ BROWN!”

If Brown won't take it we will have to try to win through  
with Wevley Edwards & Darlington Hoopes, I suppose.

TUNE IN AGAIN TOMORROW & SEE IF THERE IS  
HOPE: IF THE HASS FACTION, RECONCILED TO  
SLIM HASS' NET WEIGHT, NO SPRINGS, WILL JOIN  
AGAIN WITH DARLINGTON, DESPITE THE HERNIA  
GAINED WHEN THE COFFIN SHIFTED. “B. GRATZ  
BROWN! B. GRATZ BROWN!”

\*\*\*\*\*

& damn that Schuyler Colfax. If he hadn't of screwed  
up . . . ” sd Harshbarger before going to join  
Ian Smith.

\*\*\*\*\*

B. GRATZ BROWN! B. GRATZ BROWN!  
EVERYBODY LOVES B. GRATZ BROWN!

\*\*\*\*\*

Staying Power, Sir. Fear. Dedication. Add up to outside  
term  
of Staying Power; and a local press, Sir. One needs that.

“INDIAN RETURNS TO HIS RESERVATION”  
say, is a fine headline, fine. Yes.

Staying Power.  
Dedication.  
Fear.

Greeley. Colfax. B. GRATZ BROWN!

The Education of Henry Adams, Ch. 1: “ . . . The pleasure  
of hating — one’s self if no better victim offered . . . ”

The Education of Henry Adams, Ch. 10: “ . . . The private  
secretary made bold to ask him outright: ‘Then, Mr.  
Weed, do you think that no politician can be trusted?’  
Mr. Weed hesitated for a moment; then said in his mild  
manner: ‘I never advise a young man to begin by thinking  
so.’ ”

## 1st PORPOISE: FOURTH BOOK (the Christmas book)

Taipei, a little Christmas Eve collage: LOCAL PUBLISHERS TOLD NOT TO/ PRINT 'DEATH OF A PRESIDENT'. "The Chinese government will seize the unabridged version of The Death of a President if and when it is published here without authorization, an official of the Ministry of Interior said today."

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, right, receives a Christmas present from Santa at a party at the Hwa Hsing Children's Home which she helped found for orphans of servicemen killed in action.

### HAPPY FAMILY REUNION AT REFUGEE RECEPTION CENTER ... "Hsiao

listened with tears trickling down his cheeks. After the nephew finished, he clenched his teeth. Pounding the table, he said "I will repay the Communists blood for blood!"

"Yes, we must make the Communists pay in blood," re-joined the rest of the family."

### MAN DROWNS 3 KIDS, KILLS SELF IN KEELUNG RIVER (“Papa, please don’t! Please let me go. I will be a good boy. I promise . . . ”)

Police identified the man as Chuang Kui-yuan, 38. The children —two boys and the youngest a girl—were aged seven, six and two, respectively.

Tokyo dispatch: "President Ho Chi Minh of North Vietnam sent a message to the American people Friday wishing them peace and happiness  
... Ho's message said 'the Vietnamese and American peoples should have lived in peace and friendship . . . '

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernie urged numbers of deaths in war should list HUMAN BEINGS  
KILLED;  
not logistics  
on "friends" or "enemies"

\*\*\*\*\*

Just before he was left alone in the hut, on the island, "The Poinsettias," Joe sd, "like a man's face at the window at twilight & dawn, when one awakens."

## 1st PORPOISE: FIFTH BOOK

Isolato. Airplane ride. Economicos. "Frankie leave tumorrugh fer a munth stand in Hawiyuh. He be back inna munth."

Whatever does one do when all one's wrinkles are smile wrinkles?

"You too think-faced."

How many babies did LBJ kill per day? Logistica. "Feed the people."

\*\*\*\*\*

Roared at once too many times they left the place. To keep the shoes together two more months. "I beg you; I beg you." Realize the focus on the eyes. The deliberate, close, deliberate, lid closes. & the smiling unionlabel driver tells me it is 12 dollars to Madigan hospital where Schrapnel Tom is, smiling he says if I wait an hour or so I can get there cheaper.

\*\*\*\*\*

.Stuart Chase rides again. Stuart Rider chases again.  
Tyranny round & round.  
The mule berry bush.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I am a constant student, a student wherever I go," sd the Air Force Major, to the right of John Birch.

& sd Hutch to the question "Wut's a graduate school student?" "He's a guy who doesn't know when the party's over."

\*\*\*\*\*

“Nothing fails/ like/ failure,” analyzed Kahlid  
after 8 months in the town.

\*\*\*\*\*

Not what one can get away with, but what one can do.

& the cretan bitch elected Fair Maid of Watzis in Whatzistown  
makes  
the front page. Not unlike the Marine Corps CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS  
ads not adding up words.

\*\*\*\*\*

So I say with you, it is hard knowing kind people well  
& good people good. &  
O alas—Love is thens, & theres.

1st PORPOISE: SIXTH BOOK (the New Year's Book)  
for Yukio Mishima

Walking about under the trees, murmuring bits of Euripides.

Man with a plan, playing his hearts like Hanrahan, fondling  
his chain, stroking his fetter.

“Grip was a good dog, & Hold Fast better,” sd Lady Gregory,  
but where's the wood of her house now?  
A bust in an outbuilding the peasant workman  
could not even identify as of a Roman.

Her tree carved in by every pimple faced hardon in the county.  
The swans long  
gone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Morning Star

11 Feb 67

ARREST 13 OKINAWANS  
ON SUSPICION OF MURDER

Thirteen Okinawan youths were arrested Friday morning on suspicion of being involved in a murder of a 40-year-old farmer in Taketomi village south of Naha, Itoman police reported. / Police said that the victim, Minoru Nagamine, was fatally injured as he was beaten by the village youths with clubs. Records showed that the victim had a previous conviction of accidental homicide. / The murder reportedly occurred around midnight Thursday, the Lunar New Year's day, while members of the Taketomi village youth association were gathering at a field in the rural community. / Police said that the youths including the association president gathered and consulted together about a plan to kill Nagamine who, they claimed, was hated by many because of his violent behaviour. While consulting, police said, the victim farmer passed by and threatened to kill a member of the youth group. He was beaten to death at the field. / The farmer was returning home after drinking, in his New Year visits to a number of houses in the village.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Oh, Amigo, I didn’t know I loved you. No help for it. I do.  
It’s beyond all this & no talking to you or anybody. / How I wish  
you were here & not Kyoto. I’m out of pills & tears.”

\*\*\*\*\*

God help us, Lady.  
All this retardation.  
& Miles Davis  
& the snakes round  
my ankles.

**SECOND PORPOISE**  
**eight books for Richard Prust**

We will survey in innocent astonishment the flotsam  
that pours from the veins of continents—dead men,  
great serpents, giant trees—or perhaps the little  
toy boat of a child loosed far upstream will come  
floating past. Bottles with winking green lights  
will plunge by us into the all embracing ooze.  
Meaningless appearances and disappearances will  
comprise our philosophies.

—Loren Eiseley  
“The Long Loneliness”

## 2nd PORPOISE: FIRST BOOK

And  
into Ireland we returned  
as the purposeful  
reader will soon HAVE observ'd:

**PAISLEY GROUP AT JAIL.** Paisley. Group. At. Jail . . . “Crowds  
singing  
hymns,  
cheering and chanting “We want Paisley” remained outside Crumlin Road  
Jail

in Belfast until the early hours this morning. / Their leader, Rev. Ian  
Paisley, was lodged in the prison at 8:40 last night, after police  
executed an arrest warrant following his failure to sign a bail bond  
. . . ” / **BLEEDING ULCER CAUSED BY WORRY:** Bleeding. Ulcer.

Caused. By.

Worry. /

“John Brosnan (36), father of seven children, of Coil Dubh village, Co.  
Kildare,  
who was said to have developed an ulcer after sustaining a back injury at  
his  
. . . ”

**WOMAN SHOT BY RAIDER:** Woman. Shot. By. Raider.

**COCKFIGHT CROWD SAVED BY ‘LOOK OUT’.** Cock  
fight. Saved. By. Look  
out.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sports Give You Action

\*\*\*\*\*

Press on!:

**HIT TEACHER/ WHO SLAPPED/ HIS SON** He had read of complaints  
about teachers from time to time, but there did not seem to be any  
proper method for dealing with these complaints so as to protect those  
who were the most important issue in the matter—those of school-going  
age.

This was stated by Justice Barry at Drumkeerin, Co. Leitrim Court, when  
he had heard the evidence in a case that charged a local farmer with  
assaulting a school teacher on May 23 last.

Before the court was Patrick McPadden of Drumkeerin, and he was  
charged with assaulting James Gallagher, Drumany Glebe, Killargue, Co.  
Leitrim. He was also charged with assaulting Garda D. O'Driscoll,  
resisting arrest and obstructing the garda in the execution of his duty.

When told at the end of the case that there would be a civil claim, Justice Barry remarked 'I look upon this whole thing as a storm in a teacup; I am satisfied that, to some extent, Gallagher brought this upon himself.'

Garda O'Driscoll said he saw McPadden strike Gallagher with his fist on the back of his head. When he went to take McPadden to the station, he said he would not be able to do so and if he did it would be over his (McPadden's) dead body. At the time, McPadden had a hold of his tunic.

Walking away McPadden made some remark to the effect that Gallagher should not be teaching at the local school.

Witness said Gallagher's false teeth and glasses were on the ground. His four children , who were in the car, were crying.

To Mr. P. O'Donnell, solicitor, defending, he said that he did not tell McPadden he was arresting him.

Sgt. J. Boyle, said when he questioned Gallagher about the assault, he said McPadden had assaulted him because he had slapped one of his children in school on that day.

When charged with the assault on June 13, McPadden replied, 'I beat him alright.'

He denied having assaulted or pushed the garda.

JUSTICE BARRY said he did not think he could convict on the charges relating to the assault on the garda, and he said the charges were out of proportion to the incident. Gallagher, in evidence, said he met McPadden as he was leaving a grocery shop. As McPadden approached him, he noticed he was trembling, pale in the face, looked rather excited, and had his fists clenched. He asked him why he had slapped his boy on that day, and witness replied he had done so because the boy pulled and grabbed rather violently another boy, as they were leaving class.

McPadden who said witness had no right to do this (i.e., slap threatened to put the teacher's teeth down his stomach . . .

'McPadden then jumped me and hit me a blow with his fist, between the nose and the right eye. My glasses fell to the ground, the pavement.

He hit me

a number of times with his fist across my head and arms, and my four children were out of the car shouting that he was going to kill me.'

He said he fell on to the window sill of a house and he got another severe blow in the back of his head the force of which forced out his dentures.

On July 12, 1967, McPadden called to the school and accused witness of neglecting to teach his daughter. He also accused him of having called his daughter "big puss." \*\*\*\*\*GALLAGHER DENIED HAVING CALLED DEFENDANT'S DAUGHTER 'BIG PUSS'.

(JUSTICE imposed a fine of one pound on the charge of assaulting Gallagher, with 7 pounds, 16 shillings expenses and dismissed the charges in relation to the assault on the Garda.)

(sport, your local; police)

PRESS! ON!

Walking about under the trees murmuring bits of Euripides.

& the Justice sd, that no matter what McP's feelings or frustrations were, he had no right to go out and attack Gallagher as he did.

\*\*\*\*\*

flower,

\*\*\*\*\*

## 2nd PORPOISE: SECOND BOOK

“I am content to follow to its source  
Every event in action or in thought;  
Measure the lot; forgive myself the lot!” —W. B. Y.

The King of Spain helpt O’Neill fight England  
but sent the help to the wrong end of the island.

O’Neill lost & was made an earl. 1601  
essentially the end of Gaelic—

O’Neill took it for a while,  
but in the end the earls fled to Rome, used  
to being kings in their own domain(s). 1607.

THEN,

Charles, done,

new unrest & the Puritan Cromwell  
stormed Drodheda,  
slaughtered the people, calling it mercy,  
not unfamiliar in our year,/ white trash/ in the  
saddle.

(“ARE YEW FREE OF THIS

ACCUSATION?”

wut yew stan fer, stud, these  
late munfs,  
luvah?)

“Deeming intention . . .”

---

Grattan, it’s sd, used the chance  
of the American Revolution to strike back at England—  
& then  
even England feared Amerikan takeover, even as far as  
Ireland. (Cf. morale & possibility of Japan & Hawaii,  
1941).

& G’s Parliament—

& tho pure Protestant  
gave Catholics the vote for they felt Irish pride,  
not colonial at heart.

& the French Rev (1789) pusht the desire  
for freedom. & Wolfe Tone came into the picture  
& pressed for equality  
& got Belfast support  
thanks to discontent of disenfranchised Presbyterians  
in the North &  
then came the United Irish Movement (1791), the French  
actively sympathetic, even moving into Gentry Bay,  
but weather preventing their landing.

\*\*\*\*\*

Yet  
again the Irish tried, in 1798  
(joining catholics & presbyterians) but  
Napoleon finked out &  
it flopt again tho  
the French sacrificed the lives of 1000  
poor soldiers. Like that.

Wolfe Tone was taken  
in his French uniform  
& cut his own throat  
rather than be hanged,  
a firing squad being denied him.

## 2nd PORPOISE: THIRD BOOK

Dublin,  
ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY,  
SWASTICA CLEANERS,  
RATHMINES

Roger Casement, gallant and  
with honors  
back, in Ireland  
now  
and about time. Queer or not

all this

. Deader than hell, but even in  
time, naturally, he'd be done in,

Proper Man—and knowing knowing not safe  
not quit it.

Thomas O'Donohu (19), of Lisaby,  
Headford, was charged 20 pounds on each  
of two  
charges  
of assault  
at Killarny Court.

He was charged with assault on Dan Murphy,  
Ballyhoo, Headford, on July 19 at Lisa/baby,  
by striking,  
kicking  
and  
biting  
him. His  
brother, Patrick,  
and their father, Patrick,  
were also charged with assault on Murphy. FURTHERMORE, Thomas  
was charged also with assault on Jeremiah Murphy. Dan Murphy  
said Thomas O'Donohu came up  
and offered fight.

“I hit him.”

O then  
, he said, the other's father caught him by the right hand and  
Pat Junior came in and hit 'm. Same time Thomas O'Donohu  
was behind him  
trying to bite  
him, and

knocked down his father, aged 77.

\*\*& Witness came to rescue his father & was kicked in the face,

& charge against Patrick Senior was dismissed, his son being fined  
2 pounds, costs.

## 2nd PORPOISE: FOURTH BOOK

Shafts  
of vision.

Concept ruddy red  
upon occasion standing

like a proper phallus  
as John Synge

on stage in his  
black cloak

stared the mob  
down & stopt short riot.

Some visions need welter,  
most require quiet.

Still,

## 2nd PORPOISE: FIFTH BOOK

Oscar, you had it wrong.  
Viz: “Nothing that actually occurs  
is of the slightest importance.”  
Contra!, all due credit, but contra,  
Velvet Melmoth,  
moth-velvet Melmoth,  
troth velvet, dying Melmoth,  
poor Melmoth, velum mammoth,  
venial whale.

Oscar-Sebastian  
we resurrect you  
Wilde

in a New Age when  
nobody cares about Bozzie’s dauber,  
anyhow.

Now new truth  
new troth  
new beauty  
new elm  
guard and  
protect you.

Everything is vital.

## 2nd PORPOISE: SIXTH BOOK

“Come, dance with me,” the Dancer pled,  
& Yeats did, sometimes stopping  
to write the beauty down  
while she danced there, alone.

I found five feathers on his grave,  
in the final balance it’s all I have.

---

Reeds bending in wind, rain in gusts  
between the tavern and Sligo.

The navel of Knocknarea protrudes,  
Ben Bulben darkens. A ways to go.

Dance, five rook feathers from Yeats’ grave,  
I hold you close to tickle my heart.

---

Reeds in the wind, rain in the gusts,  
come dance with me that one has known  
time shall not all pull down the laurel’d hand  
that dared place beauty’s crown.

I found five rook feathers on Yeats’ grave.  
In the final balance that’s all I have.

## 2nd PORPOISE: SEVENTH BOOK for Jim Barry

“A little for the bursitis,” he sd,  
before breakfast.

---

Two: “I have loved you so long.”

---

Three: A chap who wrote to Lisburn—County Antrim—Rural Council complaining about a demand he had received for rates, which included a charge for a water supply he was not getting, quoted the words of Adolf Hitler.

In a letter read at a meeting of the council, Mr. Hadrian Robinson, of Selshan, said he had now received the demand note for rates in respect of his premises and observed that it again included a heavy charge for a water supply he was not getting and which, so far as he could see, there were no signs of him getting.

The letter went on: “I have been paying this rate for a great many years and as the late Adolf Hitler used to say, ‘My patience is now exhausted.’ ”

---

\*\*\*\*\*

I have loved you so very long  
indeed.

---

MOVE THAT CHAIR! MOVE IT!

NOW!

---

The head of the Ministry for Cultural affairs, told me that the common talk that the Irish left the lights on in Dublin so that Nazi bombers could draw a bead on blacked-out London was sheer rumor. That, on the contrary, the Irish were 100% anti-Nazi and pro-British in the War. Described how he took the National archives into the swamps in mid-island to preserve them from possible Nazi bomb attack on Dublin herself.

“There is where you find real people,” he said, of the Gaelic-speaking farmers, here and in Brittany.

## 2nd PORPOISE: EIGHTH BOOK

Raleigh had  
Irish ambitions  
(that is, land lust)  
& brought the spud,  
& Spenser  
had ambitions &  
in due time the Faerie Queene  
& it is said they got  
together, once, with the tobacco  
& smoked  
near Cork.

THIRD PORPOISE  
ten books for Mike and Nancy Bessler

“When a man thinketh on anything whatsoever,  
his next thought after, is not altogether so  
casual as it seems to be.”

—Thomas Hobbes  
Leviathan

### 3rd PORPOISE: FIRST BOOK

Somewhat on this wise, it was, that the Minority Leader returned to his television credits and to his public, through the hospital doors like a Ben Casey for openers. The face revealed, dramatically  
\*\*\*EVERETT McKINLEY DIRKSEN\*\*\*

but

faster than grease the then Veep \*\*\*HUMPHREY\*\*\* into the lens, preempting. . . . sez, on camera . . .

he

(Hu-bert): "Hoya doin buddy?"

(Ev) "Fine." ((irefully regaining audience))

((looking right at \*\*\*HUBERT\*\*\*)))

"You know the biblical story, about the Philistines being slain with the jaw-bone of \*\*\*AN ASS\*\*\*?" —a silence—

"Wehlll, watch out, or we may see an ass slain with the jawbone of a crutch."

Back in control! of scene. yatter for a few moments. Nice enough.

Then: \*\*\*EV\*\*\* "Now, chaps, the next televised round

I may let you see the scar

of my operation. (Vide LBJ)

---

exeunt.

---

### SANTA CAME TO THEM IN JULY

---

"Whatever it  
is  
Whoever  
You  
are, lover."

---

Divinities of comedy toward salvation, not that most deeply feel other than the desire to, finally, die in a dramatic setting, or at least lie (in state) somehow looking in on the aesthetics, mourners in droves in the rotunda. Trite or not.

Divine Comedy. Human Comedy. The Laughing Buddha, I guess so!

### 3rd PORPOISE: SECOND BOOK

“You couldn’t  
even see  
the men’s dorms from  
the barbecue pits  
this morning,” sd  
the Dean of Women  
bemoaning the weather  
on “Parents’ Week-  
end.”

---

“Oh yes, I do know Mr. Bayes,”  
sd the girl from the  
A&W Drive—  
in  
in  
your  
living-room, “he  
always  
orders  
onion  
rings.”

---

### THE LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH:

A man slipped to his death  
yesterday while looking for the  
end of a rainbow that seemed to  
vanish into the river gorge at  
Ingleton Falls, a beauty spot at  
Ingleton, Yorks.

Mr. Brian Sidwell, 29, of  
Laburnum Avenue, Garden Village,  
Kingston-upon-Hull, slipped on  
the wet rocks and fell nearly 40  
feet into the torrent below. His  
friend, Mr. Peter McCann of Oak-  
tree Drive, Molescroft, Beverley,  
jumped after him, but could not  
reach him and had to cling to a  
rock for 45 minutes until rescuers  
arrived.

The two men and their wives were at Pecca Twin Falls, where the River Doe pours over 30 ft.—high rocks into a ravine, when they saw the rainbow. The men started scrambling into the gorge for a closer look. Their wives looked helplessly on as they disappeared.

---

Walking about, undah thah trees,

---

BABY HELD  
BEFORE FIRE:  
2 SENTENCED

Passing sentence today on a teenage couple who held their three-month-old son in front of a coal fire for 20 minutes, the chairman of Inner London Sessions, Mr. R. E. Seaton said: “You two young people committed the most dreadful offence and it is a matter of surprise to me that the poor little child is still alive today.”

The couple were John Brian Farrell (19), kitchen porter; and Christine King (18), both of Seymour Buildings, Seymour Place, Marleybone.

Farrell was sentenced to three years imprisonment and King—the mother of the child—was sent to Borstal.

---

Lei vendor,  
vendor of flowers,  
lavender  
Hawaiian, or-  
chid

“orchid, man  
date of  
Eros.”

### 3rd PORPOISE: THIRD BOOK

The eyes—yes, and the ayes, the affirmations, yes—  
fade out quickly  
in a relatively amplified situation  
you recognize as yours.

O cast,  
cast,  
my fisherman:  
there is  
something  
about—about . . .

### 3RD PORPOISE: FOURTH BOOK

Compulsion to post great signs reading

HARRY,  
THE DOG  
THAT BITCHEW

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* HAIRY, THE DOG THAT BIT YOU \*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\* HARRY—THE DOG. THAT BITCH, YOU \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Put in a box of stars, memories  
and use your eyes, and when they  
fill too much with tears,  
remember you are leaving.

Use your eyes even though  
finally, you may be crying openly  
and you are leaving, for your entire  
being is an age.

lashes

Let your leaving be an affirmation.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

“We must lie in wait for truth . . . we must surprise it, and then  
we must have the strength to hold on to it, no matter how little it  
fits in with our previous knowledge and ordinary conceptions and no  
matter how much it contradicts our wishes.” —Milton Hindus,  
on Marcel Proust

walking

### 3rd PORPOISE: FIFTH BOOK

A. As for Jack and Mary's Chinese fairies,  
Red China jade,  
"It's all right  
if you like

 SOAP STONED FIGGERS  "

we protested from the back of the bus, back  
row all the way out.

B. The very best perfessers and most influential  
\*magazines\* —depositories of mental mucus  
gloria vomitoria, in-sisting, committepuke  
\*“HOW I/ (we) LOVE GENIUS, (re-gardless),”  
nonoe with all. Not one to give E. Pound  
a de-gree, for  
fear of.

Nobel?

Now, matter of fact: dead, Eliot, Hemingway,  
Hammarskjold. Who to nominate even? The same  
tragedy current for the culture and in re  
Bunting, Zu, and likely Mishima, Olson, und  
Creeley und Colonel Jonathan Williams.

The universities with their collective heads up their  
collective asses. H. B. cd NOT even paint that w/ joy  
of Being!

C. You ask  
me what now?  
Valentine?  
My God! I don't know  
NOW  
dear,

D. Primrose dull  
we have  
talked.

about

### 3rd PORPOISE: SIXTH BOOK

Long envoi.

Irish hired Scottish  
mercenaries w/ battleaxes  
to help drive out  
English during Plague—  
drove the Normans  
into that small area  
(around Dublin) called  
The Pale.

Those 'beyond Pale'  
were considered outlawed.

Harps,  
songs,  
moustaches,  
intermarriage,  
forbidden.  
Unsuccessfully.

---

Public indignation over the defeat of Italy's football team in the World Cup series continued to swell today as a parliamentary committee recommended a full-fledged inquiry into the affair and pressure mounted for the resignation of team manager, Signor Edmondo Fabbri.

Last night a parliamentary sports committee met and decided "that it is opportune to suggest and promote a deep and serious examination of the causes of" Italy's defeat by North Korea.

The Parliamentarians recommended that they be named to carry out the inquiry. Parliament as a whole must decide, however, whether there is to be an inquiry. The meeting followed demands from Parliamentarians of almost all parties for an inquiry.

### VEHEMENT PRESS

The newspaper Il Messaggero, which appears to be waging a campaign for the removal of the hapless Signor Fabbri, headlined a front page article today: "It is necessary to clean house in the Soccer world, dismissing all those responsible for this mortifying defeat". Other papers were just as vehement in their demands for action. Even the sober Corriere Della Sera said: "Now they'll fire Fabbri. And they will be right. He is a general who lost a war disastrously."

---

Pale, King,  
also puppet government;  
finally a meld under  
the great House of Kildare  
und the little  
king  
domes.

under

### 3rd PORPOISE: SEVENTH BOOK

Mr. B. getting the following communique in his mailbox in a vegetable canning town in California:

Dear Mister: I have knew  
your wife long time. I  
know you will never  
find another one work  
save manage like she  
can. And if you stayed  
from that click of  
7-da you have your  
home happy to-day  
I lived by Advents  
in Thermileto and  
I sold me place  
moved here to Cridly  
I heard them talk  
sabbath untill I got  
so tired of them  
I sole out. I saw  
plenti sin go on  
ole men take a dater  
out and end up come  
see her mother  
when the father gon.  
They kep sabbath

so I no your wife  
never had men  
aroun so you had  
talk on you in shack  
cabin last to years  
at Oroville so  
come out from  
that gang be happy  
and you wont look  
ack like you do  
I tell you this help you.  
Way you act you act funny and I  
look scarred in your face  
so dont mix with sex women or  
quer men. I  
fell you need advice  
you do like some  
...  
check  
your actions see  
if you act like  
a gentleman is my  
advice.

Nonymous frend.

MULTIPLICITY OF KINGS. THE WEALTH COUNTED IN CONES.  
CROPS & FIGHTING. IN THE AUTUMN (& THE FALL) CELEBRA-  
TIONS WITH POETRY & MUSIC. ONE GOLD-EN AGE BEFORE THE  
OTHERS HAVE THEIRS. Strongbow lies, still, in Dublin; wherever.

## 3rd PORPOISE: EIGHTH BOOK

The weary soldier, Milo Hite, writes to himself on a weary base in Okinawa, patching at it, truly: thus on the page, his words being

24 August 66

Wednesday

0625 hours

Milo Hite

Get off duty at 0700 hours. Been on since 2300 hours Tuesday evening.

Plan on going to chow hall and then living quarters.

Yesterday I lifted using plus in my lifts and a minus after hack squats and before Hatha Yoga. Did not perform any bu-do except Tang Soo Do conditioning and Savate limbering exercising devices to keep my legs flexible.

The other evening while discussing sociology with an so-an-so agent, I was almost physically assaulted by an local native who was using the legs on a chair for bayonet device.

The other evening down at the location of homes of ill-repute, I saw a new crop of females have come in to live off the military soldiers who venture to this land of the blacken buddha.

In my next workout session, I plan on concentrating on more clean & jerks.

I get off at 0700 hours this morn and I am tired as a old hound dog.

---

### FASTING BUDDHIST CHIEF SEIZED BY KY SOLDIERS

Saigon, June 21 (AP)—Premier Ky's soldiers seized the extremist Buddhist leader Thich Tri-Quang in his hospital room in Hue today. The slight, robed monk walked out of the building on the 14th day of his hunger strike.

---

“ . . . with our own assassination yet to blow,”  
\*one more due  
for lobotomy  
said.

under  
trees

### 3rd PORPOISE: NINTH BOOK for Nabil Ghandour

#### Fest.

“That it has come to this,”  
sang the WASP choirs of city girls and boys,  
That it has come to this  
cacaphony, grit-city noise—

The repetition clogs, cloys,  
un-nerves.

The certainty of who was wrong  
is all that comforts  
one, in times like these,  
and that’s denied,

“BUST THEIR PIANO!”

#### (bits)

### 3rd PORPOISE: TENTH BOOK

\*“Against nothingness joy” —W. C. W.

\*“But you are the music/ while the music lasts . . . ” —T. S. E.

Buoy-spar and star,  
my Dolphin. Sea.  
Porpoise become  
Leviathan.

## FOURTH PORPOISE

eight books for Lynn Cansler

So it is too that in the eyes of the world it is dangerous to venture. And why? Because one may lose. But not to venture is shrewd. And yet, by not venturing, it is so dreadfully easy to lose that which it would be difficult to lose even in the most venturesome venture . . . one's self. For if I have ventured amiss—very well, then life helps me by its punishment. But if I have not ventured at all—who then helps me? And, moreover, if by not venturing at all in the highest sense (and to venture in the highest sense is precisely to become conscious of oneself) I have gained all earthly advantages . . . and lose my self! What of that?

—Soren Kierkegaard

#### 4th PORPOISE: FIRST BOOK

Goy and offay, I move no more  
as I might have moved, even,  
in mind.

This fancy, love,  
compels.

I wish to avoid being trite, but,  
I say, my dear, being trite,  
thank you for such strengths  
as facing up can bring.

This thought— Willy Wordsworth,  
all homage to you— remains too deep  
for tears usually, but sometimes  
what else bears  
on the direction,  
albeit necessary brake, Willy.

\*\*\*\*\*

Polemicus agonistes!  
My new pen-name shall  
be Goyim O'Fay

I shall be very  
big in Ireland  
no doubt about it.

\*\*\*\*\*

This fancy love,  
John Clare, running away  
through the fields,

Sidney Keyes gunned  
down with his  
eyes open.

This fancy love,  
Jarrell in front  
of the public wheels.

So these things happen and  
by-side  
the flower blooms.

And you have hidden inside—  
Or am I hiding  
outside of Haarlem.

(17.2.66  
Umapine)

## 4th PORPOISE: SECOND BOOK

Where are you and where am I?  
In it?

\*\*\*\*\*

fortune  
furniture  
for tune  
**FORTUNE**  
piano

\*\*\*\*\*

“There is so much brutal screwing  
going on.” —Mr. Ganymede some time B.C.

\*\*\*\*\*

c.i.a./c.i.a., howmany innocent did you torture today?

\*\*\*\*\*

“I  
was  
raped,”

---

THE PLETHORA of those done in, read screwed, killed,  
because nobody would risk even crying wolf, let alone  
any danger to themselves, however remote the odds.

Were wolfes.  
We are wolves.  
Werewolves.

And the cries—  
whose are those? were those? when  
are they one's own, when are they  
others?

---

## MAN, GEISHA FOUND DEAD IN HOTEL

A 39-year-old company employee and a 21-year-old geisha were found dead in a hotel room Tuesday evening in Taito Ward.

Police who found a note and an empty bottle which showed signs of having contained sodium cyanide, ruled the deaths as suicide.

The bodies of Takezo Hoshi, 39, of Akabane-dai Housing Project in Kita Ward and Yuko Sugawara of Asa-Kusa were found in a room of Hotel Shizuka in Negishi at about 7:45 p.m. by a maid. The couple checked in the previous evening.

Shitaya police said the note stated in effect that they were "losers in life."

---

Euripides

Murmuring

## 4th PORPOISE: THIRD BOOK

Murmuring Euripides/  
the very  
idea!

—\*—\*—

bits

& Clarke spent 15 years  
in an English prison  
& was still ready to fight

as was the bullheaded  
fistbanger Mc (or mac) Bride,  
hairy & a man's man, gun man.

O Willie, O Willie  
how Maudie went after  
thatun.

& O Maudie O Maudie how  
Willie went after  
yore chile.

'Tis sad, all of it. It 'tis sad.

---

Ah, Dawn is seldom gold  
the dawn is seldom Gold  
& the dead are awfully  
gone, when you need a  
proper hand to hold,

to touch,

We live in this.

---

:

## 4th PORPOISE: FOURTH BOOK

A there thing:  
sun out at six o'clock in Copenhagen; in Amsterdam  
almost every day.  
And on the Leidseplein  
some of the gay Provos,  
having a down-with-the-monarchy sign (white)  
painted out (in black),  
cried "NO DOUBLE DUTCH"  
in two feet  
high  
good humor,  
thus essentially this essentially happy  
cosmopolis. "You dig, Boy Wonder?"

### entry two

(Thunder over the heart of  
Amsterdam)

Provo  
assembly members . . .

&  
Provo  
assembly numbers  
on all mailboxes--  
& painted SWASTIKAS in orange.

&  
old bikes repaired and painted white by Provos  
to be used by car-less citizens having no bikes  
during strike of transport workers.  
Left, dropped, when finished, take a new bike at  
workday's end, same way you got that one. Nobody at  
anybody's mercy. Producing and sharing. Aiding  
intra, extra, humanitas. Ez shudda been there!

& yet, after the lot  
the beatings & cops  
on horses & in tanks looking silly--but dangerous.

#

That things come sometimes to bear, that falsity  
might cease.

\*\*\*\*\*

entry three

& a beautiful Provo 4 days later  
afternoon sun looking at me with  
most kind eyes, said apologies for  
not having, in English, poem  
in Dutch. Elegy to a friend killed  
in earlier riot.

& I write this account for your eyes  
as you sleep exhausted, beautiful, who  
told me we must meet  
as often as possible

before we both leave London  
in seven days,  
you going back to Holland,  
I to America again.

#

BACK on the square (up against the wall.

Bushman. (Sipwell)

Hawkswell. (When  
& how?)ever.

“Most of the time, or not at all?”

---

entry four

Addhemar  
was going to marry  
&  
live in Spain  
which he dug  
if she's wait  
six more years  
for his discharge  
from the Navy  
(Belgian)

---

### entry five

All the little x-es of political power-  
of the establishment  
(as Dolleen the Australian sd.).  
Essential foolishness of a bicameral  
government based on one-man, one-vote. .  
(Both houses.) ((British decay.))

Character building for those of us at the bottom  
is UP, directionally.

Decay of the rich is UP in less  
obvious ways, neither easier  
for the individual there.

But for us, as Doll pointed out-  
“You need to know  
how it feels  
when your shoes  
are rotted and won’t keep  
out the water  
-to have people on trams look at you  
because your clothes are so old you look dirty,  
and dirty because you scrubbed so hard in cold  
water your skin is chapped raw . . .”

### entry six

Frame memory:  
Beautiful, beautifully  
superior in bearing  
as George was  
until he went into  
the dog-run biz.

## 4th PORPOISE: FIFTH BOOK

## at the Club 69: Copenhagen:

## 4th PORPOISE: SIXTH BOOK

from home, Umapine, a letter:

Dear -

Hollyhocks are blooming in town now.  
They are very pretty . . .  
by the back porch some are higher than I am,  
and are a very dark red.  
There is a pink one

near the corner.

By way of excitement this morning I  
washed the car—enjoyed it though—I also  
cleaned our back porch.

I had a good lunch, or dinner,  
after I cleaned up a bit. Chicken, roasting ears, salad,  
cake and ice-cream and coffee.

The kids made a nice little call  
as I was eating; said they were home  
all  
day  
yesterday  
—and this morning—working.

---

Today has been nice; almost cool.

Now it is overcast:  
(put the car in the garage) and . . .

---

I HEARD A ROLL OF THUNDER  
It is a little windy. But I believe a nice little rain  
is coming  
over the hill . . .

(Arion  
Dolphin  
Lesbos)

## 4th PORPOISE: SEVENTH BOOK

---

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Buoy  
star  
and  
spar  
, my  
Dolphin.

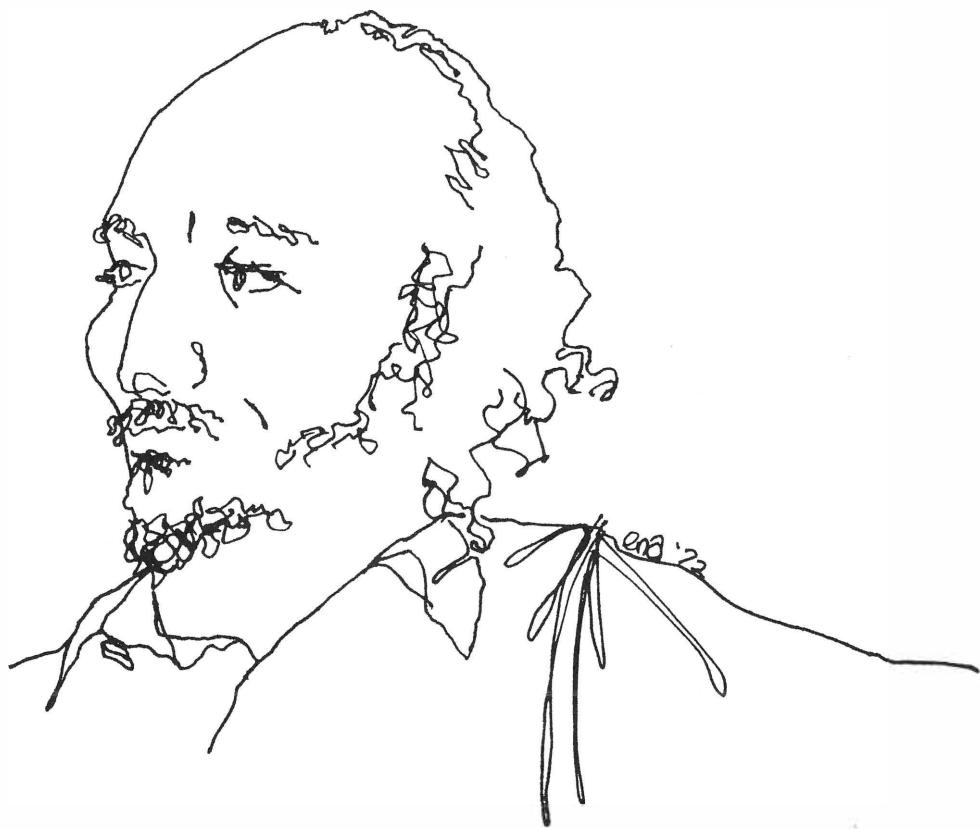
## 4th PORPOISE: EIGHTH BOOK

Refugees!  
The collapse  
of the prepared face  
when we recognize  
one another.

Hooray!

(Copenhagen, 1958–Laurinburg, 1968–  
Chapel Hill, 1969)





In a way, Porpoise is like a mural. It can be looked at close up, in part, or part-of-a-part at a time—or one can back off and see larger sections, even the whole thing. Likewise, as with many murals, the poem does not concern itself with being limited in time or to one specific historical time.

As surely as a short, lyrical poem may insist itself upon a writer, so may a large canvas poem. I felt great joy as Porpoise concluded. To feel and see that the word “HOORAY!” insist itself out onto the page despite current and historic banalities and brutalities and foibles! That may have been the happiest instant of my life.

Ron Bayes

RED CLAY READER, NUMBER 2 OF VOLUME 8







